

MRS. LINNELL MOST SORROWFUL OF WOMEN; BABYHOOD DAYS OF AVIS HER ONLY COMFORT

**Wishes She Were Lying in Grave
Beside Avis; Says She Would
Be Happier There.**

By Stella Marquere.

Boston, Nov. 6.—I have just returned from a visit to the most sorrowful home and the most sorrowful woman in the country.

The home is a little two-story frame house, perched on the cliffs of Hyannis-by-the-Sea. It was the home of Avis Linnell, before she died an awful death.

The woman is Mrs. Edgar Linnell, mother of Avis.

I wanted to ask Mrs. Linnell what she thought about the death of her daughter on this, the eve of the trial of the man she once accepted as fit to become the husband of her daughter.

She met me at the door, a little woman, robed in black, whose eyes expressed a sorrow greater than all other sorrows.

I told her of what I wished to talk, and the tears sprung to her eyes. She dashed them aside. Then asked me to come in.

In the home-like little parlor, with the piano that never has been played since the day Avis left her home to go to her death, Mrs. Linnell looked at me pathetically.

"I don't know what I can say to you," she said. "I don't think I know what I think myself."

"It seems such a little time since Avis was a child—a golden-haired little baby, who clung to

my skirts and prattled to me of her little joys and sorrows.

"She always was a light-hearted child. If she hurt herself, she would cry for a little, then wipe away the tears, and in a moment more be romping about the house.

"The house seems so quiet now.

"I never realized that Avis had grown up—not even when she became engaged to Mr. Richeson. It was such a short time since I had carried her in my arms.

"I remember once when we were on the beach—I had taken Avis there in response to clamorous demands—Avis played all day long in the sand.

"I had taken lunch with me, and we had a little picnic—just my girl and myself. And after the lunch, Avis was tired and didn't want to play any more.

"She cuddled up by my side, and turned her big, baby blue eyes up to me, and said:

"'I've got a sweetheart, mom.'

"Then she told me all about the little boy next door, and how he had kissed her, and how she was going to marry him when she grew up, and they were going to have—O, such a big house.

"I like to think of these days better than the later ones—after Richeson came into her life.

"I don't believe that Richeson deliberately planned her death. I cannot believe that. I am afraid to.

"I think I should die if I really thought that that man whom we